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of her deceased offspring. The coffin is placed on an altar, and was strewn with fading flowers when we saw it. No one is allowed to enter the chapel, but it can be viewed through the iron gates by which it is enclosed. Underneath the French church is the coffin, also above ground, in which is the body of the late King. It rests in a small apartment, and by its side is a chair for the use of the Dowager Queen, who comes every day from Sans Souci to the chapel.

The time passed quickly in such sight seeing as that we had in Potsdam. It was six o'clock and dark before we returned to the railway station, where had been ordered dinner at the restaurant. And a very rich dinner we had, quite in keeping with the rich sights we had seen. It was certainly the most substantial part of the whole day's proceeding, if not the most satisfactory. The dishes were numberless and difficult to digest, the wine decidedly bad. The waiters matched both, being numerous and given to cheating.

[N.B.—Never dine at the Potsdam Restaurant if you wish to preserve your health, and keep your temper.]

*Gusammenwicklung.* There's a word for you! Pray, Mr. Composer, Reader, or Editor, spell it correctly before giving it to the world.

WALTER MAYNARD.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## SINGERS AND SINGING.—No. 1.

Let not the art of singing be compared with that of simple declamation; for, out of a hundred persons capable of declaiming well, scarcely two will be found capable of singing passably. The following qualifications are requisite: 1st, a voice at once sonorous, flexible and agreeable, and of a sufficient and equal compass; 2d, a lively sensibility; 3d, an exquisite taste; 4th, a good school, or method; 5th, organs of hearing sufficiently exercised, and possessed of superior delicacy. Rare, indeed, it is to find all these qualities united in the same individual; and frequently do we meet with those, who make pretence to the name of singers, that are destitute of nearly the whole of these. How many compositions are sacrificed to an execution devoid of delicacy, taste and feeling; in a word, of everything calculated to charm and interest.

There is a manner of execution, which, if the tradition of it could be preserved and followed by successive singers, would exclude every other. The celebrated Madame Tosi would be the singer of every age; other methods are ephemeral, and pass away like other fashions. But, unfortunately, it is impossible to retain this tradition, which, could it be transmitted, would serve as a standard for all future singers. As it is, there is one manner of singing in Italy, another in France, and a third in Germany. In Italy, the true method of singing is still preserved to a certain degree, though the present mode is different from what it was formerly; its best schools begin to degenerate. In France, they still scream more than they sing; in Germany, they do both the one and the other; and, it has been remarked, that though they do not scream very strongly, yet, still, they do not sing very correctly.

From the time of Allegri, Leo and Durante, to that of Hasse and Handel, the manner of singing was at once simple,

touching and grand. The singer seldom ventured to employ any other ornaments than the appoggiatura, the trill, and a few other passing embellishments, till he came to the *point d'orgue* at the close of the air, when he considered himself on his own domain. The composers of this period had, at least, as much share in the success of an air as the singer. After this epoch things took another turn; and, instead of singing in this simple and faithful manner, they began to ornament everything. The composers became the slaves of the singers, and, in process of time, were considered altogether out of the question. All the composers had to do was to get up a kind of skeleton airs, which the singers took upon themselves to animate and color by their manner of embellishing them. Novelty is always attractive, not to say seductive. The public were far from imagining what an injury they were doing to music by lavishing such ill-judged applause upon airs of this kind; for that is the period from which we may date the decline of art in Italy.

But, cannot the composer who makes an air of this kind, himself compose the embellishments, and conduct it upon a richer harmony, and with more varied modulation? Yes, if he be composing instrumental music; but I caution him to be upon his guard if he is writing for the voice. In the first place, a composer is not a singer, strictly speaking; what he would compose for his voice, or with his voice, may not suit either the talent or voice of a skillful singer. *Prescribed* ornaments are sure to be almost always ill-executed. In a singer of talent embellishments are generally the result of inspirations of the moment, which is infinitely more effective than anything that the study and researches of the composer can produce. The singer adapts them to the nature and compass of his voice, and modifies them according to his feelings and impulses of the moment; all these considerations must be necessarily neglected where embellishments are written by the composer.

DRESDEN.—At the grand concert given in celebration of the King's birth-day, among other pieces performed was Herr W. Westmeyer's *Visions of Napoleon I. at St. Helena*, a work dedicated to the Emperor of the French, who has rewarded the composer with the large gold Imperial medal. The composer hitherto belonged to the conservative school, but in this instance he has followed, for the first time, the path pursued by Berlioz and Liszt. He has drawn up a programme conveying to us the visionary train of thought passing through the mind of the Imperial captive. It runs something to this effect: It is evening. Plunged in melancholy reflections, the Emperor is sitting alone at his favorite spot in the island. His thoughts wander back; pictures of his great past glory, splendor and power flit before his mind. His mother and son appear to him; the hosts of his faithful warriors defile before him. At length his melancholy is dispelled by the voice of his good Genius, who says: "You have given the history of the world a new direction, etc., but your race shall not perish; it shall continue to flourish with greater magnificence than ever." The work was admirably executed and well received.

WIESBADEN.—M. Gounod's *Romeo and Julie* has been produced, but does not seem likely to become very popular.

## "THE LAY OF THE TROUT."

*Une pièce de circonstance.*

[Translated from the Troutie Dialect by ARTHUR MATTHEISON.]

Who, when I sportive flapp'd my tail,  
And glided on my watery trail,  
Threw nets around my scaly mail?  
Delmonico!

Confiding, hapless, speckled trout,  
Without a fear, without a doubt,  
Who, oh ye fishes, drew me out?  
Delmonico!

Who tore me from my placid Pa,  
My finny friends, my fishy Ma,  
Who triumph'd, laugh'd the loud ha! ha?  
Delmonico!

Who in a basket pack'd me tight,  
Who bore me off at dead of night,  
Thou knowest now, it was not right?  
Delmonico!

True Cæsar, though 'mid cooks he be,  
False seizer he you see sir-ee,  
Who out of season season'd me?  
Delmonico!

Who fried me à la *quelque chose*,  
Who made me pleasant to the nose?  
'Twas thou! the author of my woes!  
Delmonico!

Who for a "General" dress'd his prize,  
But hid the deed from "general" eyes,  
Though "Royal" eyes now realize?  
Delmonico!

Now realize that such a "plat"  
May hopes of future *entrées* mar,  
Besides what taste! e'en thou say'st "pah!"  
Delmonico!

Thou sayest "Pah" *pardôn* thy wish,  
For fishing one *offishous* fish,  
For this most *injudishous* dish!  
Delmonico!

Appeased are men, thou 'st bent the knee.  
But fins all flap in lake or sea,  
And Fishdom's eye is fix'd on thee!  
Delmonico!

And as to me, though I am dead,  
My tronticide be on thy head!  
Hear, oh Fish Spoiler! hear with dread;  
My ghost each night upon thy bed,  
Shall pond'rous prowl a fish of lead!  
And spectral fish by me there led,  
Shall grisly dance around thy bedstead!  
Till vengeance be satisfied!  
Delmonico! Delmonico!

Chorus of justly indignant, out of season,  
and troutraged trout:  
Delmonico! Delmonico!  
Delmonico!

GENOA.—Meyberbeer's *Prophète* has been most successfully revived at the Teatro Carlo Felice, where it had not been played for several years. *La Favorita* was to be the next opera produced.

COBURG.—The operatic company have left for Gotha. The season has afforded much gratification to the public.

HANOVER.—Shakspeare's *Julius Cæsar* has been performed with all Dr. Hans von Bülow's music.